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Warden, Keep a Place for Me.

AN INCIDENT OF PRISON LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Discharged again! Yes, I am free,
But, warden, keep a place for me;
For freedom means that I must go
Out in the wind and rain and snow,
To fight with hunger, shame and cold—
A woman gray and worn and old;
To clothe myself in rags again,
And seek some wretched, narrow den,
And after that what must be done?
Steal? Beg? Hard lines for any one.
To work is easier. I would try,
But there's no work for such as I.
A fine thing, truly, to be free—
But, warden, keep a place for me;

For I'll come back. It's seven years
Since first I entered here in tears.
"Drunk and disorderly" I came,
And felt the burden and the shame,
The prison taint, the outlaw's dread
When first behind his hopeless tread
The gates clang to with dreadful sound
And the dark prison walls close round.

But when I went away I said:
"If I can earn my daily bread
I'll work my fingers off before
I'll wear a convict's dress once more."
'Twas easy said—I meant it too—
Work? Is there work enough to do
For those who spend their weary lives
Like tolling bees in busy hives,
And starve at last? When willing hands
That never broke the law's commands
Are idle by the thousands, how
Can jailbirds keep a virtuous vow?

No work, but all the same I found
The time for meals would come around;
No work, but time enough to think,
And that's the easy road to drink.
Who cared, who cared, that I was then
"Drunk and disorderly" again?
Who cared that ever with the best
I was a woman like the rest?
Who cared that one day in my life
I was a happy, jocular wife?
None care, and I care less than they,
And curse the man and curse the day.

How did I know that he would be
A drunken scoundrel, dragging me
Down in the mire? Alas, the life
He led me! Oh, the bitter strife
'Twas love and hate! He went away
And left me with my little May—
My little child! My little pearl!
My pretty brown-eyed baby girl!
Bah—that was only childhood's grace!
She grew up with her father's face,
Her father's selfish, wicked heart;
Grew up to take an evil part;
Grew up to soil her mother's name
And cover it with double shame.

But I've a little baby dress—
The one soft veil of tenderness
That's run through all these hateful years—
I've wet it many a time with tears,
And many a time at dead of night
I've clasped it to my bosom tight.
What for? Because it means for me
A simple, sinless memory;
Because it means there was a time
When I, now gray with want and crime,
Old jailbird as I am to-day,
Knew how to love and dared to pray.

What did I do? How could I know
That things would go against me so?
How could I help it? Did I plan
The fate that bound me to that man?
The hard, blind fate that dragged me down
Among the wretches of the town?
That snatched away all hope, all chance,
And twisted every circumstance
Against me, till at last I stood
Stripped of my very womanhood?
I could not dare to stop and think—
Was it my fault I took to drink?

No, I'm not fit for liberty;
It ain't a wholesome thing for me;
The jail takes care of me too well,
Better to be locked up in a cell,
Where all is clean and sleep is sweet,
Than roam the misery haunted street;
Better the work they give us here
Than what awaits me when I'm clear;
Better the silence we must keep
Than drunken cries and curses deep;
Better the dull days free from pain
Than shattered nerves and throbbing brain;
Better the quiet, sober life
Than yonder city's desperate strife;
Better the prison's homely fare,
Better the prison's watchful care,
Better for me than liberty—
So, warden, keep a place for me.

—Peggy Arkwright in Graphic.

The Massacre of the Alamo.

The recent death of Santa Anna recalls to mind the early struggles of the infant republic of Texas, when her Houstons, her Crocketts, her Lamars, her Trayses and her Burnetts were battling against fearful odds for the liberty and independence of the young American settlement. Under the leadership of these gallant men, fifty thousand Texans, without organization, without a regular army, navy, national credit, or even national recognition, carried on a war with eight millions of people, possessing almost unlimited control of men, money and material, and commanded by able leaders, with Santa Anna at their head. The war was long, and many times doubtful, presenting many instances of heroic effort, brilliant triumph and glorious martyrdom. The brutal, cowardly murder of Colonel Fannin's command, the victory of San Jacinto and the massacre of the Alamo constituted thrilling chapters in the record of the young republic's achievements.

Few of these incidents possess a more tragical interest than the event known as the "Massacre of the Alamo." The details, however, of this bloody catastrophe are meager and unsatisfactory. Two of the ill-fated garrison only survived the horrors of the massacre, and their narratives, with the reluctant admission made by the Mexican butchers, are all that has come down to us to give the story of the brave men's martyrdom. It was the aim of the Mexican tyrant to place the seal of death upon the lips of his unhappy captives, fully intending that not one should live to tell the bloody story.

In January, 1836, Santa Anna, with a large army, commenced the invasion of the territory of the rebellious State. The little settlement called the volunteers hastily together to meet the threatened danger. Colonel Travis, with a detachment of picked men, was sent forward to the town of San Antonio to watch the movements and retard the advance of the enemy. The colonel had just arrived at his post and disposed his men for the night, when his pickets were violently attacked by the Mexicans and driven in.

A brief reconnaissance convinced Colonel Travis that his enemy was vastly superior in numbers, and he accordingly withdrew his little force into a strong stone building in the outskirts of the town, known as the Alamo. This building was constructed by the Jesuits to serve the double purpose of a fort and church, and was exceedingly well calculated for an obstinate defense. Its walls were of stone, 190 feet long and 120 feet wide, and fourteen small pieces of artillery defended its approaches. The place was supplied with water by two aqueducts which led from the San Antonio river to the interior of the works.

It was in this inclosure that Colonel Travis withdrew his little army and awaited the Mexican attack. In the meantime the men were employed in strengthening the fortification, throwing up new works, and practicing the artillery, which was so successful that the gunners obtained a perfect range of every foot of ground commanded by their guns.

Colonel Travis, however, felt the insufficiency in numbers, and resolved to call for aid. He therefore prepared a stirring appeal, which a trusty scout carried safely through the Mexican lines and published in the Mexican newspapers.

In the meantime the Mexican army drew three lines of investment closer around the little fort. Fresh troops were pouring into his camps, new batteries sprung up in every direction, and a cordon of offensive works nearly encircled the doomed garrison. The bombardment was constant, and grew more furious every hour as batteries multiplied and new guns were placed in position.

Travis continued to send scouts through the enemy's line with the address, and on the morning of the first of March, Captain John W. Smith, with thirty-two men, cut his way through the Mexican lines and joined the garrison, which increased the effective force to one hundred and eighty men.

Day after day, without an hour's cessation, the Mexican artillery thundered upon the little fort. An assault was daily threatened, and the little garrison was kept constantly under arms, ready to repel any attack, and the exposure told fearfully upon their strength. Soon the stoutest heart begun to realize that defeat and destruction were inevitable. The Mexicans had hoisted the black flag as an assurance that no quarter would be given, but not a man quailed, each resolving to die as became a Texan patriot.

On the fifth of March Colonel Travis addressed a last appeal to the country, and sent it through the Mexican lines under cover of darkness. He said: "I am still here in as fine spirits as could be expected, with one hundred and eighty men. I have held the place ten days against more than thirty times our number, and I will continue to hold it until I get relief from my countrymen, or will perish in the defense. The black flag which is borne by the enemy gives token that the fight is to be one of extermination against rebels."

This address had been prepared early in the evening, approved by all the officers, a number of copies made, and one of the most skillful riders in the command had volunteered to carry it through the enemy's lines. The night was dark, and a thrilling storm of rain and sleet was falling, when the courier mounted, and gave the parting words to his comrades, Colonel Travis standing beside him, with folded arms, looking steadily to the right, where the long lines of Mexican camp fires blazed in the darkness.

"Good-bye!" cried the messenger, as he pressed the flanks of his horse, and bounded away.

"Wait a moment," cried Colonel Travis, suddenly awaking from his reverie. "Wait a moment. I want to send one more letter."

He sat down and rapidly wrote a brief letter to an intimate friend, setting forth their desperate condition, the danger of massacre, and closed with this message: "Take care of my little boy. If the country is saved, and I survive the present peril, I may yet make him a splendid fortune; but if the country should be lost, and I should perish, he will have nothing left but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

These were the last words ever written by the gallant colonel, and the letter was for many years cherished by the orphaned boy as one of the most valued relics of his lamented parent.

Meanwhile the bombardment was progressing but slowly, and the Mexicans grew impatient. Their overwhelming strength, the weakness and exhaustion of the garrison, and their greed for speedy revenge, prompted an immediate assault, and Sunday, March 6th, 1836, was chosen as the day for carrying the purpose into execution.

The unusual activity in the Mexican camp attracted the attention of Col. Travis at an early hour in the morning, and he at once concluded that an assault was intended.

The little garrison was stationed in the most advantageous manner possible, and the colonel delivered a stirring address, exhorting them all to do their duty, and die as became a people worthy to be free.

The men responded with cheers, and held a hurried consultation, at which it was unanimously agreed to fight until the last man, and when no further resistance was possible, it was agreed that the survivor should fire the magazine and all perish together.

At sunrise the enemy swarmed out from behind their works, and the long lines of assault formed almost within musket range of the walls of the Alamo, and completely enveloping the little fortification. The cavalry was formed in the rear of the infantry, with drawn sabers, and orders to cut down all who faltered in the advance. Under cover of a heavy fire from their batteries, the dark columns moved forward to the assault—four thousand against one hundred and eighty!

On, on, came the dark lines, a steady fire of musketry flashing from their ranks; but the silence of death reigned within the Alamo. Ammunition was scarce, and the brave defenders were instructed to waste few shots; but when the enemy came within easy range, the artillery, charged to the muzzle with grape, opened upon them, and the rattling rifles of the Texans poured a torrent of bullets into the midst of the advancing troops. These murderous discharges tore through their ranks, sweeping down whole companies at every discharge.

The dead encumbered the path of the advancing column, but urged on by the remorseless cavalry behind, the bleeding lines stumbled over dead and dying, and reached the very foot of the walls. But the nearer they came, the more deadly became the effect of the Texan fire, and the slaughter increased, until, despite the cavalry in their rear, they broke and fled in confusion to their camps.

Santa Anna now hastened to the field in person, reformed the beaten columns, and they were again driven forward, only to be again hurled back with frightful slaughter.

As the storming column fell back, and for some minutes a painful silence rested on the bloody field, broken only by the moans of the wounded men, who lay thick upon the ground without, over which the assailing column had passed.

It was fondly hoped by the besieged garrison that the fiercest of the struggle was over, but they were disappointed. The voice of command was soon heard from the Mexican lines, officers were seen hurrying to and fro, gathering the remnants of their beaten regiments, and the nearly exhausted garrison prepared for a final struggle.

Success was almost hopeless. The excitement and exertion had left them weak and prostrated, several of their best men had fallen, and but a few rounds of ammunition remained. But their firmness was unshaken. They removed the dead, provided as best they could for the wounded, and then renewed their pledge to stand by each other to the last, and never surrender while a single defender remained.

On came the dark lines of the enemy, driven forward as before by the remorseless cavalry and the threats and entreaties of their officers. It was the third and final assault. They struggled through the same storm of bullets, only less severe, as the number of brave men had been sadly reduced; but the yawning gaps were quickly closed up, the living pressed forward to fill the places of the dead, and the terrible column swept to the very foot of the wall.

With a shout of exultation, fuller of vengeance than the whoop of an American savage, they planted the scaling ladders, and, maddened with excitement and frenzy, swarmed over the fortifications upon the struggling patriots, and commenced the butchery.

There was no giving way, no steps backward, no cry for quarter. Though as one to ten, they continued the fight with clubbed muskets, and died shouting for Texas. The brave Colonel Travis was almost the first to fall after an entrance was effected. "God save my country, and bless my boy," were the last words he uttered.

The death work was rapid, and in five minutes scarcely a dozen Texans were left alive. Seeing this, Major Evans hastened with a lighted torch to fire the magazine as had been previously arranged. He reached the spot, and was on the point of applying the torch, when he was riddled with bullets. The half dozen who now remained were overpowered, disarmed, and the capture of the Alamo was complete.

The bound captives were carried into the presence of Santa Anna, who heaped upon them every conceivable insult, and finally ordered them to be taken outside the camp and murdered. Among the prisoners was the celebrated David Crockett, who was captured with his celebrated rifle, "Betsy," which had been the gift of a club of Philadelphia.

The order was brutally executed, and Mrs. Dickinson, wife of Lieutenant Dickinson, one of the officers, her infant child, a servant of Colonel Travers, and two Mexican women who were employed by the garrison, were all who remained of the one hundred and eighty who had fought so gallantly for Texan liberty. But they were not unavenged, for before the walls lay the bodies of five hundred and twenty of the enemy, while eight hundred and fifty more lay wounded in their camps.

Thus fell the Alamo. In two hours from the first signal of assault, all was over. It was Santa Anna's last triumph over Texas, for in less than two months General Houston won the battle of San Jacinto, and the Mexican butcher came a trembling captive into the patriot camp to beg for the prolongation of a life his crimes had many times forfeited.

In the churchyard at San Antonio is a plain small granite stone, erected by private parties, bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of those who fell at the massacre of the Alamo."

A Walking Dry Goods Store.

A lady correspondent writing from Paris says: They have a new way of wearing their veils. They tie them on the back of the hat with a large ornament, the shape of a shell, then tie them around the neck and fasten them on the left side. The effect is odd and conspicuous. It originated at the races, where one of the fair but frail sisterhood set the example. It requires a great quantity of tulle to carry out the effect of this eccentric yet contagious mode.

Imagine a single undergarment of a lady costing \$20 for plain silk and \$30 for embroidery, and even with this costly necessity a modest woman would scarcely dare present herself to her husband.

I could scarcely believe there were wives who indulged in such luxuries, but my doubts were soon turned into strong convictions. I was at the house of the Countess M., a charming lady of wealth and position, who in a friendly way admitted me to the privacy of her dressing-room. When she completed her bath the first thing she put on was an Oriental bath wrapper which cost \$100. I expressed so much curiosity at her extravagance that she said: "Wait and see how much I'm worth when dressed," and, as a matter of course, I took note of her personal adornment as she dressed, and give it as a mere epitome of how much money may be spent in luxuries. Her chemise was pale blue silk, richly embroidered in white silk, all hand work and

	France.
Valenciennes lace, cost.	130
Linen drawers, lace, cost.	50
Underskirt, richly lined.	50
Satin corset.	125
White skirt, with lace.	125
Black silk dress.	900
Black collar and sleeves.	300
Lace white point berbe.	100
Hair ornaments in shell.	150
Satin boots, embroidered.	65
Silk hose, embroidered.	30
Gaiters, gold clasps.	40
Handkerchiefs.	125
Fan, vignette.	150
Diamond rings, only two.	1,400
Diamond solitaires.	5,000
Hat, veil, parasol, and carriage shawl.	1,900

Here was the petite brunette dressed plainly, yet as she stood she was worth in dry goods and jewels (omitting her bracelets) over \$2,000 in her promenade costume, not to mention her other toilet. Worth has some lady clients who spend \$12,000 a year for dress alone.

The Right Time to Get Married.

One of the things which young people seem to be the most anxious to know, is "the right time to get married," as some of them put it.

The great majority of young people are poor, and get comparatively small wages. They naturally suppose that if they get married it will cost more to live than it costs them while they are single. So the question with them is: Shall we marry while we are young and poor, or wait till we get older and better off? And that is the real question in their minds when they inquire as to "the right time to get married."

There can be no rule laid down on this subject which will fit all cases. Some people are naturally so industrious and thrifty that they will get along under almost any circumstances. Others are so lazy and shiftless that they cannot get along under any circumstances. The right time for the first class to get married is whenever they choose to do so, while the right time for the other class to get married seldom comes at all.

A young couple who truly love each other, and are willing to work hard and live economically, and patiently build up their fortune little by little, may safely send for the clergyman as soon as it may be convenient. But young people who are lazy and extravagant, and care more for show than for solid welfare, should wait till they acquire correct notions of life and thrifty habits before marrying.

"Private."

About two o'clock one afternoon a citizen climbed the stairs leading to a Detroit lawyer's office, pushed open the door with an impatient slam, and angrily inquired: "Why didn't you call on me as requested?" "Call on you? I didn't know that you wanted to see me," was the surprised reply. "I left a note on your table an hour before noon," continued the citizen. "It was inclosed in an envelope, directed to you, and I wrote the word 'private' across the end." "That explains it," said the lawyer, sinking back in his chair. "My wife came down here this morning, saw that letter, and I'll bet she wasn't the fifteenth part of a second putting it into her pocket. I hope you wrote a large hand and signed your full name."

Old Sol as a Thief Taker.

When photography was in its youth, an artist in that line went out with his instrument, and plates, and baths, on a bright, sunny day, for the purpose of taking photographic views of some of the more wild and romantic of the forest scenery of Fontainebleau. Having found a place wild and picturesque enough to suit him, he set his tripod, and placed his camera, and, having got his focus, he prepared a plate and inserted it. When he deemed that he had caught the sylvan vista and glade, he removed the plate to his little dark box, where he was subjecting it to the necessary chemical manipulations for "developing" and "fixing," when he experienced an unceremonious tap upon the shoulder. Upon raising his head and looking around, he found himself confronted by a gigantic specimen of the *sans-culotte*, who, in a very rough and peremptory way, demanded of him his purse.

The photographer was a small man, an unarmed, and, as a matter of personal safety, he drew forth his purse. The robber took it, and having seen that there was gold in it, he made off into the forest, without even stopping to return his thanks.

The artist, as soon as he could collect his scattered senses, returned to his glass picture, or "negative," and found that its development was perfect. But—what is this? Holding the plate up between his eye and the light, he found that he had caught the picture of a man who had been lurking in the coppice. The face was in full view, and perfect—the face of the man who had robbed him! The rascal had been lurking in the wood, and had held still while the artist had been looking that way.

As quickly as possible he returned to Fontainebleau, where he printed a fine proof from his plate. Then he repaired to the commissary of police, and having related his story, he exhibited his photographic view, with the likeness of the robber.

The police knew the man, and on the following day he was arrested, and the photographer's purse found upon him.

A Flirt's Experience.

The proprie or of a summer hotel near New York had a very singular experience recently. Among his guests were a middle aged widow and her married daughter and husband. He was impressed with the idea that he had somewhere seen the widow before, but could not tell when or where. Finally, making inquiries about her, it appeared that she formerly lived in New York in a location formerly very fashionable. It appears that the landlord was an old beau of the lady, and they were once engaged to be married, but she was a great flirt, and the gentleman became offended at some action of hers, which he regarded as indiscreet. He went to Europe, and on his return was informed that the young woman was dead. Under this impression he forgot all about her.

Strangely enough the woman, about the same time, married and removed to Cincinnati. During a subsequent visit to New York she was likewise informed that her former lover was deceased—a circumstance quite natural, as the papers reported the drowning of a man of the same name. He married and became a widower. When the meeting occurred, and he had made himself known, the woman could hardly believe her own senses. Each party imagined the other had risen from the dead, but the acquaintance thus revived has been a happy one to both, and the boarders are remarking the singular fondness of the widow for the landlord. The explanations which followed only intensified the new attachment, and it is supposed a wedding will be the result.

The Barber Shop of the Future.

A Detroit barber has been thinking, and planning, and dreaming, and in his mind's eye he sees what can be brought about as soon as he has earned the money to pay the bill:

He sees a three story barber shop on the corner, with elevators carrying the unshaved from floor to floor, and sending them down again. Billiard rooms, a gymnasium, a summer garden, and a dancing hall are in the plans.

A silver fountain throws streams of cologne water to the ceiling. The barber chairs have nickel plated legs. The razors have handles of solid gold. The walls are mirrors, in which the happy face of the proprietor is reflected ten thousand times. A band plays soft, sad strains. Angelic whispers float through space. Unseen silver fans cool the brow of each customer. While he is being shaved his boots are blacked, a ten dollar bill is slipped into his pocket, perfume thrown over him, and a tailor measures him for a suit of clothes which is not to cost him a cent. As he goes out he is given a ticket to the opera, a lottery ticket, a new silk hat, a gold headed cane, and a steam winding watch, and if he offers to pay for the shave, the proprietor of the shop softly replies: "If you have been made happy, do grand oblige am accomplished."

Increase of Neuralgia.

Neuralgia in the faces and heads of women is on the increase, as compared with the number of instances of the disease among men; and this is believed to be due to the inferior protection afforded by the mode in which women now cover their heads. It is not only one of the most common of feminine maladies, but one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and is regarded by physicians as leading more often to habits of intemperance among women than any other disease.

Facts and Fancies.

The scale of justice is the weight of the world.

A hearty man will grow round on square meals.

Losses are profitable which cause men to be saving.

The course of a bark at sea is shaped by the dog star.

The signature on a promissory note is a sign of promise.

When the heat increases the thermometer rises to explain.

The man who can deceive himself ought to be perfectly happy.

Lightning struck a Pennsylvania oil well and increased the flow of oil from ten to eighty barrels a day.

Steel ropes are being introduced on English men-of-war as substitutes for the clumsy hemp hawsers now in use.

A cow was found standing stark and stiff in a pasture in Maine. She had been struck by lightning, killed, but not thrown to the ground.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair. The coroner's verdict was said to have been that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced switch.

Said a Denver prisoner to his honor: "You've sent me up every summer for four years, and I've missed the fourth of July every time. Now I want you to make it short this time. Make it so I get out before the fourth. This is the last Centennial I expect to spend on earth, and I don't want to spend it in jail."

"Are the eggs poached?" inquired a customer of a restaurant keeper. "Yes, sir," replied the keeper. "They are—that is, the chickens that laid them were."

A young scapegrace, notorious for his pranks and practical jokes, who came of age the other day, awoke the family at midnight by loud cries of "Man in the house!"

"Wherever I go," said an elderly traveler, the other day, "I find men wearing out their old clothes and hats; but the ladies, almost without exception, have brand new and expensive dresses."

Those three Chinamen who took a watermelon home and cooked it say that they feel able to worry along on rice a short time longer without fooling with any more very tangled arrangements in the vegetable line.

The Catholics in Boston have wisely decided to discontinue the hiring of carriages for funeral processions, except for the chief mourners, and to give the money which a costly funeral requires to the widow and children.

Nevada's population is not more than 60,000, and yet the Legislature numbers seventy-five, or one to every eight hundred inhabitants. For long since it was estimated that one out of every fourteen voters was a candidate for office.

At one of the great hotels of Chicago the waiters politely hand each guest a morning paper after he has given his order for breakfast. This keeps about sixty papers moving around for three hours or so, and pays in popularity more than it costs.

A French physician says that one-half of the so-called drowned persons are buried alive, and that they might be resuscitated by proper treatment after being several hours under water. His suggestion is the injection of alcoholic stimulants, whipping energetically, and a hot iron in bad cases.

The czar of Russia has abolished public executions, which have hitherto been preceded by an exhibition of the condemned criminal on a black cart with a placard round his neck throughout the principal streets of the city, besides a parade for ten minutes under the gallows. In future executions will be within prison walls.

A fire in Hamburg, Germany, destroyed the large theater called the Central Halle. It being Sunday, and the weather favorable, the theater and gardens were crowded, and when the fire broke out a panic was created, women fainting, and children crying piteously; and about a dozen people were crushed and burned to death. Several of the ballet girls and some of the actors were severely burned.

It is the boast of Lydia Tetreau, of Washington, Mass., that in thirty-seven years of married life she has given birth to twenty-five children—ten boys and fifteen girls—with but one pair of twins. Sixteen are living, two having died in infancy and seven after getting their growth. The grandchildren already number thirty-three. Mrs. Tetreau was one of a family of sixteen, and married at that age.

Preventive of hydrophobia in dogs: Boil three table-spoonfuls of salt and an ounce of carbolic powder in a pint of water, squeeze a lemon, and then let a piece of meat simmer in the mixture to give it attractive taste. Take out the meat and put the liquor in a cool place. Then while the remedy is cooling, lead the dog out behind the barn and shoot him between the eyes with a Remington rifle. One pint of the liquor will be found enough for one hundred dogs.

The Paris *Figaro* recites a story in praise of the politeness of a leading actor in Paris. He is a capital swimmer, and was displaying his skill in the Seine, near Paris. A lady walking on the bank was so lost in admiration of his grace and style that she fell unawares into a little ditch. In a moment the actor was out of the water, and clad in his simple bathing costume as he rushed to her assistance, exclaimed, extending his dripping hand to help her up again: "Pray, madam, excuse my having no glove!"